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The Classic

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The Classic, November 1903

Northwestern Classical Academy

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F. Lubbers

NOVEMBER, 1903.

The Classic.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.



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The Classic.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE N. W. C. A.

VOLUME 12

NOVEMBER

NUMBER 2

Editorial.

ALTHOUGH the N. W. C. A. had very many advantages over a large number of preparatory schools in the United States, only until recently there was always something of vital importance lacking in this school. Besides base ball the school had no athletic sports whatsoever. The students and the Faculty were well aware of the fact that athletic sports are highly essential to good work; still nothing was done. The health of the Academy students often left much to be desired. Now, however, a great change for the better has taken place. An Athletic Association has been organized and great progress is being made in the line of harmless sports. Through the kindness of the Principal a room in the Academy building may be used for a gymnasium; so that provision has been made for the cold season when out door sports can not be enjoyed. That this has brought life and enthusiasm among the students can readily be imagined. School life is no longer considered a drudgery. Undoubtedly this improvement will serve as an incentive to many a hesitating girl or boy contemplating to go to school. To be sure we, as a band of students, owe a debt of gratitude to our new Professor, Mr. Strick, who is the main factor in bringing about this change.

Besides this improvement, the Academy is getting on a better basis financially. The donators and patrons of the institution may justly congratulate themselves upon the remarkable progress their institution is making. Now we can see no possible reason why any parent should hesitate to send his boy or girl, possessed of a desire to study, to this school. The enrollment is already very encouraging; but the Academy has ample room for more.

THE BOERS in South Africa are still in a deplorable condition. When the treaty was signed England promised to help them; and so they did to some extent. England, however, did not do one

half of what she promised to do, and unless a change takes place, eventually another war will undoubtedly break out. This is what the Boers themselves claim. During the war all their large cities were surrendered to England; the people are heavily taxed to pay the expenses which England incurred by the war; and they have their own debts to pay. Consequently, they are poverty-stricken. They have sworn fealty to England, it is true, but there is nothing but discontent. Quite a number are staying in India and are there supported by the Hollanders. Five-hundred of them are still prisoners on the island of Ceylon because they refuse to swear fealty to the English Crown. The Boers are now thinking of leaving Africa. Already they have sent a representative to Mexico who has purchased one-hundred thousand acres of land to which at least a large number of them intend to migrate. We feel in sympathy with the Boers, and hope that before many more years, they, in spite of England's ignoble and selfish conduct toward them, will obtain the great boon so dear to the heart of every citizen and patriot—freedom.

A FEW years ago Mr. Roberts, a Senator-elect of Utah, was refused his seat on the ground that he was a Mormon and a polygamist. Utah has made another attempt to get a Mormon in the national Senate. Reed Smoot was elected and took his seat in that body. Serious objections were brought up against him, but in spite of all these he maintained his seat. By this time it seemed as though the whole matter had been forgotten. However, when the leading men of the nation had dropped the whole affair, a non-political organization renews the strife. In Anderson, Indiana, the Womans Christian Temperance Union presented a petition to all the Protestant churches of the city. They beseech the people to sign this petition, which is nothing less than a fervent appeal to Congress to expel Reed Smoot from the Senate. They claim him to be ineligible, first, because he is a Mormon, and secondly, because he is a polygamist. After the petition has made its round, it will be handed to Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge. These men will present it to the Senate at the next regular session.

Mindful of the fact that the Mormon element can not but be exceedingly detrimental to the United States, or to the institutions of any free government, we must approve of the action of this band of women. This incident clearly illustrates that our country does not owe all its welfare and prosperity to the men alone, but that the women are also powerful factors in shaping the affairs of the nation. In considering this matter, is it not to be regretted that women can

do nothing save petition? Would Womans Suffrage be disadvantageous in a case like this? We do not wish either to advocate or to condemn Womans Suffrage; but we wish our readers to give the matter a serious thought.

JOHN Alexander Dowie, or Elijah III, as he calls himself, invaded New York with a host of 3,500 Zionites. These were brought from their western homes by eight special trains. His purpose is to convert New York City; and to accomplish his purpose he planned to hold meetings in Madison Square garden, and to make personal house-to-house visitations by his host. Representatives of the modern Elijah were sent ahead to make preparations for the meetings and to find lodgings for the host. The Dowieites all lodge in cheap hotels and lodging-houses, while Dowie himself has rooms at the Plaza hotel. Meals are served in the restaurant of the garden. Deacon Frank Cotton, their missionary, says: "At each meal we will use about one thousand pounds of meat. The Restoration Host does not use swine flesh or such food as oysters and crabs. They eat plenty of fish, but only fish with fins and scales. We figure on it taking 300 men and women to serve the food. The majority of our cooks will be women and they are coming from Zion City."

The first meeting was held on Sunday, Oct. 18. Dowie addressed his audience of about 15,000 people with the following greeting: "I am glad to be here, for, by the grace of God, I'm going to make the people hear me. You people here in New York know what the papers say, but you don't know what Christ says. God is knocking. Open your hearts and let the Spirit in. The time has come when this knocking at the door is not to be a gentle knocking. The time has come when Christ shall reign in New York. If you say to me, 'Get out of here,' I won't get out. They told me to get out of Chicago, but I didn't get out. When I finally got ready to go, I went, and they sent for me to come back." About one-third of the audience had left before the meeting had well begun. Dowie, being sorely displeased with this, interrupted his sermon and gave the offenders a violent rebuke. After the meeting the Zionites began to work by making a house-to-house canvass and speaking to the occupants if possible, and at least leaving a blessing and a tract.

Dowie styles himself as Elijah III; and as such the Restorer of all things. But he certainly goes to work in a much different way than Elijah I, and John the Baptist. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when the people will see the absurdity of his ideas.

The Opium Dreams.

"Let us try it once, Harry," said one of two boys in an opium joint in Chinatown, San Francisco. They had seen a Chinaman smoke and then that he was carried to one of the bunks. Now Jack Sanderson had proposed to his cousin, Harry Melford, to try it. Harry was an inhabitant of San Francisco, but Jack was just visiting a few weeks. Harry agreed, and they signed to the man for pipes. They took a few whiffs. Soon they felt a drowsy feeling fall over them, and were then carried to bunks.

Harry was the first to awaken. At first he did not recollect where he was, but soon remembered what had happened. He got out and looking around saw Jack sleeping. He determined to wake him for it was already late; therefore he did so. It was not very easy, but finally he succeeded. When they got out Jack commenced: "I had the funniest dream, I seemed to be in a fire." "Why so did I," broke in Harry. "It was all bright around me as soon as I had taken a few puffs of the opium. I was in a strange place and there was fire all around me. I did not know what to do, but in my dream just walked to a little door in the wall and in it I found a rope ladder with a running noose on one end and two hooks on the other. I fastened the hooks to the window sill and threw the noose over a chimney which seemed about fifty feet away. I then crawled through a hole in the roof and came into the attic of some building I had never seen. From there I ran down a long stairway and at last came to the bottom and went outside. Then I awoke."

"That was funny, but stranger because no one came to rescue you," said Harry. "I don't know anything else only just what I did, but what did you dream when you smoked that?" said Jack. "Well, I told you that I thought I was in a fire. I was in a strange place like you. I ran out from the room; I was in a corridor, and there I met a girl. I do not know who she was, and she said: 'Oh Harry, save me!' I then ran into a room and seized a blanket from a bed and tying the four corners in knots I took hold of them and we jumped out, I holding her in one arm and the blanket in the other for a parachute. We had just started to go down when you woke me." "I wonder why we both dreamed about a fire." "O, I suppose that's because we read about the Newhall fire," said Jack. "But why did we both dream about the same thing, a strange place, no help and so on?" "I think that must have been caused by both of us smoking the same stuff causing our dreams to be the same."

"We get out here" said Harry as the car stopped for them to get

out. "Supper will be about ready by the time we get home I'm afraid" said Harry as he set out on a brisk walk. "Say Harry", said Jack, "when do they have that fair at Freeport?" "Two weeks from today. Why?" "Because I want to write my old chum Edwin Stafford what hotel we will stay at so that we may be together." "Is he out here?" asked Harry. "Yes." "Why?" "His uncle"—he stopped and began to run for they were just crossing the street when they saw a runaway team coming toward them; they got out of the road and watched it go by. Seeing that there was no one in it they went home.

It was the day of the Freeport fair. The boys had spent their two weeks sightseeing and were not then fully satisfied. But this morning they took an early train for Freeport. It was not long before they arrived at their destination.

"Come Harry lets take this bus for the Swift hotel," said Jack. There were many passengers for this hotel on account of the fair. Otherwise this was not very well known since it was not up town. When they got there they registered and saw a little way above the name of Edwin Stafford and sister. "I did not know that he had his sister with him. If she is anything like him she must be nearly perfect. Where is their room, clerk?" "No. 53, 4th floor." "All-right, come on Harry. O, here is Edwin now. Hello old fellow, glad to see you. How goes it? When did you arrive?" "Hold on Jack, one question at a time. I'm quite well and arrived last night. Julia came along too. You have never met her, have you Jack? Pleased to see you Harry, almost seems as if I had always known you the way Jack has been talking about you. Come right up boys and see Julia. I am sure she'll be glad to see you."

That evening when the boys were in their own room Jack said: "Its funny, but I seem to know her; even her voice was familiar, altho I don't know where I could have met her." Fire! Fire! Fire! This was the cry that rang out at two o'clock the next morning at the Swift hotel. The fire seemed to have gained good headway before it was discovered, for the scene was red and bright as day. The firemen were not yet there but came a little later. The police formed a cordon near the building to keep the people back while the firemen went to work. Engine after engine came till there were six in number; and all the ladders that could be had, they got. But they could not save the building, so they saved those next to it. The firemen made some daring rescues but they could not save everyone. Some just jumped down from the windows and were killed or seriously injured, while others perished in the flames.

"Hello Jack and Miss Julia, I am glad to see you safe," was

Harry's greeting as he saw Jack and Julia in the art gallery. "Yes we came here because we thought we might meet one of you here because this is the first place we had planned to visit today," said Jack. "Have you seen anything of Edwin?" Julia broke in. "I saw him at the fire. He was standing not very far from me." "Oh, I am so glad, I was afraid he had not come out safely." "Well let us see whether we can find any breakfast as it is about six o'clock. This seems to be a pretty good place. Ah, here is Edwin now." "Hello, you are all safe I see. No haven't had breakfast." "Well come on then," said Jack. There each told how he had come out of the fire. Edwin had gone to his window for the fire escape, but on this old structure there was no escape. So Edwin slid down a convey pipe at the last moment; having looked all over the building for Julia and not finding her he concluded she had been rescued as she actually had been by Harry. "How did you get out Jack?" asked Harry. "I don't know. I woke up and saw everything lit up; I dressed and then the scene seemed familiar to me as I looked for a fire escape. Then I saw a little door and went up and opened it. In it was a rope ladder with—Oh, now I know what it is—my dream. Did yours come true too Harry?" "Yes," said Harry, "but I didn't recollect it till Julia said 'Oh Harry save me.' That brought it to my mind at once; and now I know why Julia seemed so familiar." "What dreams are you talking about?" asked Julia. They then explained their opium dreams to them. "Wonderful," said Edwin, "but we must hurry, Julia, I received a telegram this morning that we must come home at once. The train leaves about nine, so we will go down to the depot."

Jack and Harry saw them off and again went their way into the city. "You seem to be rather sad" said Harry maliciously. "I am" he answered rather sullenly. "What will you ask for reward?" said Harry. "I'll put in a good big claim and don't you forget it." Harry did not forget and was Jack's best man when the claim was granted.

P. B., 04

Pride Ushers Destruction.

(Continued from October number.)

The efforts of the gentleman were crowned with success; for a few days afterwards Alfred Mitchel Henderson, the widow's son, was enrolled as a student of the College of Art at Canton.

Mrs. Henderson worked almost day and night to earn enough money to support herself and her son. She went out washing during the day and sewed in the evening. Alfred was very successful

in school; he was soon able to draw pictures that gave honor to the institution and were therefore exhibited to the public. He was urged on by his eager desire to make himself master of the art, but the great secret of his diligence was the ambition of the lad. His haughty nature led him to strive for the supremacy of his class, in which he also succeeded. This soon gave Alfred many friends; the rich and high in rank all flocked to the skillful artist to win him as their friend. The multitude of companions had a most demoralizing effect upon the already arrogant boy. An opportunity now offered itself to keep company with the degraded element of the college and he went with them to the barrooms and gambling halls of the town. At first the change was really too great for him and, honestly speaking, he did not delight in the revelry; thinking that by so doing he could raise his name and fame to a higher station he strove to subdue his conscience and nature, in which he succeeded only too well.

While Alfred was leading this abandoned life his mother was subject to the most dreadful drudgery and privation. She often had to stave her hunger with a single crust of dry bread. Her glasses had accidentally been broken so she reversed the order of her work by washing in the evening and sewing during the day time. She would frequently be without fuel, and made use of the old clothes, which she had previously cast into the rag-bag, to keep herself warm. Notwithstanding the saving of the widow she was still unable to meet the expenses of her son which increased by the day. This increase caused some suspicion and after inquiry she was informed of her son's behavior. Her heart was almost broken upon receiving the intelligence. Alfred had reached the age when punishment with the rod is inappropriate; she therefore tried to influence him by kind and loving words. For some time the efforts of Mrs. Henderson were rewarded with the desired result. Alfred tried to keep himself aloof from his former companions thereby greatly diminishing his expenses. This, however, did not please them. They strove their utmost to persuade him to join them again in their sport, promising to pay all his expenses made during the sports. The temptation was too strong; for some time he resisted it; but at length, thinking that it would not cost him anything, he joined the clique again. Just at this time he also became acquainted with a fair young lady by the name of Lily Harris, daughter of a State Senator residing in the city, which somewhat interfered with his work at school. The reproofs of his mother were in vain. Sometimes they produced slight tokens of shame but more often those of intense anger. At length he became so tired of the

rebukes that he considered them utterly intolerable so he threatened her with the intention of leaving.

At half past eleven on a Saturday night when Mrs. Henderson was, as usual, home alone working at the wash that should be ready on the morrow she was scared by a sudden rapping at the door. With a trembling step she left her work and opened it. There, to her astonishment, she saw the policeman and Alfred; the latter being dead drunk and bleeding from a horrible gash in his head. The stranger told her that Alfred and his mates, after having drunk freely, had attempted to rob a man in the crowded street, but were severely beaten back by the people just then in the vicinity, and assured her that if it had not been for his interfering they would all have been killed.

The next Monday morning, after having received a terrible rebuke from his mother, Alfred left home with the determination never to return. He went to Mr. Harris under the pretense that he had been severely beaten by his mother, the cut in his head being a proof, and that he was expelled from home. Senator Harris, a kind natured man, was moved with compassion for the seemingly innocent lad, and he was allowed to seek refuge under his friendly roof. The disappointment and grief of the poor old widow can better be imagined than expressed in words.

Alfred was permitted to pursue his work in school and in a few months he graduated with a brilliant mark. The boy had a strong desire to still further prepare himself to become a proficient artist; so Mr. Harris, being very wealthy and urged on by the citizens of Canton, for the renown of Alfred was already wide-spread, sent him to a college of art in London, England. Here again Alfred distinguished himself greatly by his skill; he was without peer or equal, and his masterpieces were scattered over the whole civilized world. His haughty nature was amply nourished by his rapidly growing fame. The thought of his mother scarcely ever arose within him; if it did it was only with contempt, accusing himself for having remained with such a humble and degraded wretch so long.

(To be continued.)

Pat (at the phone)—“Is this the feed store?”

Voice—“Yes.”

Pat—“Well then send me up a bushel of oats and a bale of hay.”

Voice—“Who is it for?”

Pat—“Ah, now, don't get gay, it's for the mule.”—Ex.

1st Tramp—“Do you remember that dog's teeth?”

2nd Tramp—“I do, they made quite a deep impression on me.”

—Ex.

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THE CLASSIC.

Published Monthly during the School Year
by the Students of the N. W. C. A.

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Address all communication to Bus. Manager.

Entered at the post office at Orange City,
Iowa, as second-class mail matter.

Locals.

Fine weather.

Basket Ball.

Athletics.

Two of the “A” and two of the
“B” ladies drove to Alton Friday
on business!!

The new students that have
come since our last issue are
Miss Kremer, Frank and Hazel
Scott.

Saturday, Oct. 10, four of the
students worked at the court
house.

The special classes of music,
catechism and drawing for Fri-
day afternoons have been organ-
ized.

The N. W. C. A. feels itself
highly indebted to Messrs. Van
de Steeg, Balkema and De Vries
for the valuable donations to its
laboratory.

Prof.—“Mr Cupido, how did

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The Shoe Man,

Carries a full line of Boots and Shoes; ladies
fine footwear, tennis and sporting shoes, and
a full line of rubber goods.

 Give me a call boys.

Alexander cross the Hellespont?"

Cupido—"He constructed pan-
taloons bridges."

A "B" class student translat-
ing reads—"The winnies having
been prepared", where he means
—"The sheds having been pre-
pared."

The declensions and conjuga-
tions are the hardest parts of
Latin according to some of the
"D" class students.

The Philomathean society is
doing good work. Friday, Oct.
24, the main feature of the pro-
gram was a mock trial. This
was a new experiment and proved
a remarkable (?) success.

Mr. Henry Schutt of the "B"
class returned to resume work
after missing a few weeks.

The latest translation of a part
of the Anabasis is as follows:
"Clearchus came and asked the
men if they were killed."

We all wonder how Prof.—
got that scratch across his face
with which he entered school one
Monday morning.

A few of the ladies had a mid-
night spread, and all enjoyed
themselves, (of course).

Mr. Dekker had the misfortune
of getting a piece of glass in his
eye at the fire last week. How-
ever, the doctor has succeeded in
removing the glass.

Was not that a fine party the
girls had Hallowe'en?

A. S.—"I did not understand
your question. Did you ask how

A. F. GESELSCHAP,

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All kinds of text books at lowest
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I always have on hand the
largest and best assorted stock of
FURNITURE in Sioux County. If
you want good goods at low
prices, call on

✱ ✱ ✱

JOHN KUYPER.

they took the people to market?"

Some of the students are get-
ting too free during these beauti-
ful moonlight evenings.

That hugging in Physics class
reminds us of the adhesion of
molecules.

Student—"What makes you
think molecules are always
round?"

Prof.—"Because it suits my
theory better than to have them
square."

The sergeant-at-arms was so
hurried to get out of society one
evening that he had no time to
turn out the lights.

Miss Howards of Alton visited
the Academy Oct. 16th.

There seems to be a large at-
traction between some of the
students and the Chapel floor.

We never beheld such prepara-
tion as when two of the "A" gen-
tlemen intended to go out picking
corn one Saturday.

One of the Profs. continues to
address one of the "B" ladies as
Miss Schutt. Why this mistake?

The "A"s will take up Cicero
in a very short time.

One of the Profs. names a
green-backed fly as an example
of a "polished gentleman."

We wish to thank the "Anchor"
for that plum, and to inform them
that the number of sermons our
student has committed has in-
creased to fifty.

The Academy received a very

Jno. Van de Steeg

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INVITES THE STUDENTS
TO GIVE IT A TRIAL.

N. W. C. A. '88 '94.

**VAN OOSTERHOUT
& HOSPERS.**

Attorneys at Law.
ORANGE CITY, IA.

Office north of Hotel Betten.

pleasant visit from Mr. Ward,
state field secretary of the C. E. S.

Prof. in Ger.—“Fraulein B,
woruit rieche ich?”

Fraulein B.—“Sie, kiechen ruit
dem. Munde.”

“Would you rather listen to me
as I read this, than to make an
outline?”

“No Sir.”

“That is quite a compliment.”

One of the “A” class boys,
while out for a walk, saw a coon
caged on one of the farm-yards
near Orange City. Upon investi-
gation he discovered that the ani-
mal was caught last winter. It
is quite a curiosity in this vicini-
ty, and all the students will be
well repaid for the trouble if they
take a look at the animal.

Mr. Ham paid the club a call.
He was very favorably impressed
with this institution.

Oct. 12, Jennie Betten of the
“C” class left for Sioux City.
Miss Betten was an agreeable
young lady, and her absence will
be felt not only by her classmates
but by the whole school.

Mr. D. V. from one of the
higher classes and Mr. F. V. B.
from one of the lower classes are
recovering from a very sore in-
gulum. It was in the dark when
the tormenting element struck
them; so that precaution would
have been unavailing in this case.
They have our sympathy.

Because of sickness Mr. Van
Oosterloo was obliged to stay home

**Dirk H. Schalekamp,
NOTARY PUBLIC,**

In and for Sioux Co., Ia.

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(N. W. C. A. '89)

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REAL ESTATE.

Do a General Law Business.

ORANGE CITY, IOWA

for a few days. However, he did
not send for a doctor this time.

Many students are buying
tickets for the lecture course of
the season.

To be sure the Prof. in English
does not show the boys a favor
by leaving the girls study “The
Princess.” They are beginning
to entertain such queer ideas;
some actually affirm that they
will stay in the state of celibacy
all their lives.

The last number of “The
Classic” was unavoidably delayed
a few days.

Wednesday, Oct. 21, Jerry
Schutt was called to the death
bed of his grandfather.

To speak extinct, is the new
philosophy introduced by one of
our “D” class students. Good
Sir, practice what you preach.

The parents of Mr. Van Oster-
loo presented the Club and the
Principal with some choice S. D.
butter.

The students behaved well
Hallow'een. Just ask the citizens
of our town.

Rev. J. G. Gebhard, corre-
sponding secretary of the Board
of Education, addressed the stu-
dents Monday morning, Nov. 2.

Mike asked the wrong one.

De Alumnis.

'00. A primary singing class
has been organized at Hope Col-
lege under the leadership of

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Judson Kolyn of the Sophomore class.

'89. Dr. Conrad De Jong from Edgerton, Minnesota, has bought the property and practice of Dr. Wormser.

'90. Rev. J. Heemstra, from Sioux Center, has accepted the call from Jamestown, Michigan.

'92. Dr. Seine De Pree has successfully passed the state examination at Des Moines.

'01.-'02. Messrs. Pennings and Dykstra are members of the staff of the Anchor.

The Greek professor sat in his chair,
His brow was marked with dire despair;
"When," quoth he, "In this horseless age;
Will the horseless student come on the stage?"
—Ex.

Soph.—"Freshie, how far is it from the 4th of July to the North Pole?"

Freshman—"Three lengths of a braying ass, better lay down and measure it."—Ex.

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There is ample justification for the claim made by The Chicago Record-Herald that its readers enjoy every day in the week a news service that is without parallel in range and completeness. In addition to the independent news facilities of The Record-Herald, that paper receives the complete news service of the New York Herald, the New York World and the Associated Press, and when it is considered that its news columns are supplemented by all the special features so popular with its thousands of readers, it will be seen that The Record-Herald holds a unique place among the great newspapers of the United States.

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EXPENSES.

The expenses are moderate, tuition is free. The cost of board and rooms can be best regulated by the students themselves, or by their parents. This item of expense will be found a moderate one in Orange City.

For the sake of meeting incidental expenses a fee of eighteen dollars will be required from each student for the school year. Half of this is payable in September and the other half at the beginning of the second term.

The entire expense ranges between \$100 and \$150 per annum. Boarding houses and students clubbing arrangements are to be approved by the Principal.

A board of education has recently been established. Out of the funds of this board deserving students who need it receive support during the school year.

LOCATION.

The Academy is located at Orange City, the county seat, a station on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, near the junction of said road with the St. Paul & Omaha railroad at Alton, four miles eastward, and with the Sioux City & Northern at Maurice, eight miles westward. On account of the extent of the Northwestern railway system, Orange City is easily accessible from all directions. Owing to its location in the Northwestern section of Iowa, it can readily be reached from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Minnesota.

For Catalogue and particulars as to courses of study and text books, address the Principal.

PROF. PHILIP SOULEN, Orange City, Iowa.